

No. 49.  
NOV.

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢

who  
KNOWS WHAT DREAD  
HORRORS THE FATHOMLESS  
OCEAN DEPTHS MAY HIDE?  
HERE'S A PULSE-POUNDING  
STORY WHICH TELLS OF  
**THE KRAKEN**--  
AN AWFUL BEING WHICH  
ROSE FROM OUT OF THE  
UNKNOWN ITSELF--  
AND HOW SCIENCE  
STRUCK BACK  
AGAINST THE FEAR-  
FUL ONSET!!



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# BATTLE STATIONS STAND BY TO FIRE!

THOMAS

# TORPEDO FIRE! ATTACK

KNOW THE THRILL OF REAL NAVAL ACTION! SET YOUR TORPEDO IN ITS TUBE...MANEUVER YOUR SUBMARINE INTO POSITION...AIM AT THE BATTLESHIP...PRESS THE TRIGGER AND...WATCH THE TORPEDO STREAK TOWARDS ITS TARGET AND IF YOU'VE AIMED TRUE...THE BATTLESHIP WILL EXPLODE INTO 7 PARTS! FIT THE PARTS TOGETHER AGAIN...THEY FIT EASILY)...LOAD YOUR TORPEDO...AND YOU'RE OFF TO ANOTHER BATTLE!

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**\$2.00**



BOTH THE SUBMARINE AND THE BATTLESHIP ARE MADE OUT OF BRIGHTLY-COLORED PLASTIC AND LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING. A SAFE SPRING ACTION EXPLODES THE BATTLESHIP IF HIT DIRECTLY AMIDSHIPS. BOTH CRAFT FLOAT, AS WELL AS MOVE ALONG ON RUBBER WHEELS...AS MUCH FUN IN THE BATHTUB AS ON THE LIVING ROOM RUG. SET COMES COMPLETE WITH BATTLESHIP (CONSISTING OF 7 PARTS), SUBMARINE AND 2 TORPEDOES.

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PIRATE SET  
at \$2.00

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# amazing... COMPLETE PIRATE SET!

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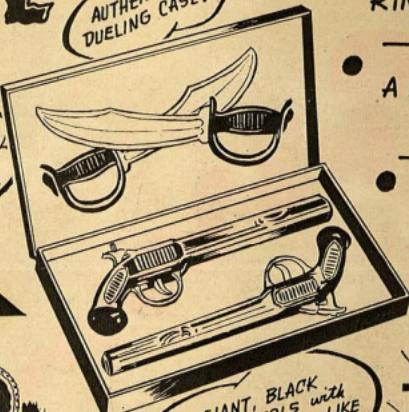
Two FLEXIBLE  
ACETATE CUTLASSES  
with SILVERED BLADES,  
BLUNT POINTS and  
BLACK HANDLES!

A PIRATE  
BANDANA!

A PIRATE  
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A PIRATE  
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Two GIANT, BLACK  
PIRATE PISTOLS with  
ACTIONS that SOUND like  
CAP. PISTOLS!

Plus

A PIRATE  
RING!



A PIRATE  
HAT



A DUELING  
MANUAL!



For all  
**TEN PIECES!**

only  
**\$2.00**

USE COUPON ABOVE

USE COUPON ABOVE

# The SHERIFF AND THE WITCH!



"TUH START OFF WITH, I WAS JUST PLAIN, LOWDOWN JAILER OF MARLIN COUNTY! AN' SHERIFF O'ROURKE NEVER LET ME FORGET HOW LOWDOWN!"

-- AN WHEN YA GET FINISHED MOPPIN' UP PAPPY, BE SURE YA CLEAN OUT THE CELLS.



"IT WAS A HARD LIFE WHEN I REMEMBERED WHAT I USED TUH BE AS A YOUNG UN! I'D BEEN TELLIN' ABOUT IT FOR YEARS -- JEST COULDN'T GET OUTTA THE HABIT, I GUESS!"

YUH ALL HEARD O' CUSTER'S LAST STAND? WAL, I WAS THE ONLY WHITE MAN TUH ESCAPE WITH A WHOLE SCALP! DID MUH BEST TUH SAVE CUSTER, TOO? WHY, I SAID TUH HIM--



**HAW-HAW! WOTTA SAP!**  
 SO THEY'RE PLAGUIN' PAPPY HASKINS AGAIN! GUESS THE OLD WINDBAG'S GOT IT COMIN' TO HIM, THOUGH!



TARNATION, WHY CAN'T I LEARN TUH KEEP MUH FOOL MOUTH SHUT? BUT SOMEDAY I'LL SHOW 'EM! -- SHOW 'EM ALL! THEY'LL LEARN I'M SOMEBODY-- I SWEAR IT!



"I DIDN'T KNOW HOW RIGHT I WAS--  
ABOUT **BEIN'** SOMEBODY, THAT IS!  
FOR THE MILLS O' THE GODS WERE  
GRINDIN' EVEN THEN--STARTIN'  
WITH A MEETIN' O' THE COUNTY  
POLITICS--"

LECTION'S COMIN',  
O'ROURKE--AND  
THE FOLKS ARE  
MIGHTY TIRED  
OF YOU RUNNIN'  
UNOPPOSED  
ALL THE TIME!"

BUT IF WE PUT  
SOMEONE UP  
AGAINST HIM,  
THERE'S ALWAYS  
THE CHANCE  
HE'LL BE  
ELECTED!"

RELAX,  
BOYS! WE'LL  
HAVE AN  
OPPOSITION  
CANDIDATE--  
THE **PERFECT**  
CANDIDATE!"

**PAPPY HASKINS!** WE  
RUN HIM AS AN INDEPENDENT,  
SEE-- SO THE VOTERS CAN'T  
SAY WE GOT ONE-PARTY  
GOVERNMENT! AND SINCE  
THERE'S NO CHANCE OF

**ANYONE**  
EVER VOTIN'  
FOR **HIM**--  
**JAKE,**  
YOU'RE A SCREAM!  
**WE'LL DO IT!**

"**SURE--EVERYBODY**  
LAUGHED THEMSELVES SICK  
OVER IT! I DIDN'T WANT TUH  
RUN AN' MAKE A FOOL OUTA  
MUHSELF, BUT SHERIFF  
O'ROURKE THREATENED TUH  
FIRE ME IF I DIDN'T! COME  
ELECTION DAY--"

WOTTA STORM! HAVEN'T  
SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE **THIS**  
IN THESE PARTS FOR YEARS!"



"THE  
LIGHTNIN'  
AN'  
THUNDER  
HADDA  
BE SEEN  
TO BE  
BELIEVED!  
AN' THE  
MILLS O'  
THE GODS  
WERE  
STILL  
GRINDIN'  
--CUZ  
UP IN THE  
WILDS  
O' THE  
COUNTY.  
**THIS**  
WAS  
HAPPENIN'!"



"BUT  
I DIDN'T  
HAVE ANY  
WAY O'  
KNOWIN'  
THIS--  
NOR  
COULD I  
HAVE  
DREAMT  
O' THE  
AWFUL  
THING  
THAT  
CAME UP  
OUTA  
THE  
BLASTED  
EARTH  
UNDER  
THE  
OLD  
DEAD  
TREE!"



"NO--ALL I KNEW WAS THAT, AT  
THE POLLS--"

LOOKS LIKE THIS  
AWFUL RAIN'S  
KEEPING EVERY-  
BODY HOME--EXCEPT  
**YOU DIEHARDS!**

YOU'RE DURNED  
RIGHT! THE O'ROURKE  
VOTERS FIGURE IT'S  
A WALKOVER AND  
AREN'T TURNING  
OUT--AND THAT  
LEAVES THE FIELD  
FOR FOLKS LIKE US,  
WHO'D RATHER HAVE  
AN OLD JOKE FOR  
SHERIFF THAN A  
**CROOK!**



"AND WHEN THE BALLOTS  
WERE COUNTED--"

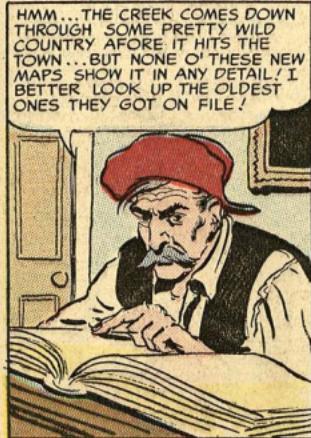
**OUR NEW  
SHERIFF--  
PAPPY  
HASKINS!**



"IT WAS FUN, PUTTIN' ON MUH  
OLD WESTERN GUNBELT AN'  
WEARIN' A STAR! BUT WITHIN  
A WEEK, A STRANGE HAPPENIN'  
SPILLED **TRROUBLE!**"

A  
STRANGER...  
WE FISHED HIM  
OUTA THE  
CREEK, DEAD  
AS A DOOR-  
NAIL!  
I'LL MAKE  
SURE THE OLD  
FOOL WON'T BE  
IN OFFICE LONG  
ENOUGH TO GET  
THE SEAT OF  
HIS CHAIR  
WARM!







"WHAT WITH THE ROMANTIC FRAME O' MIND THOSE TWO YOUNG UNS HAD PUT ME IN, I WASN'T PREPARED FOR THE SCENE I BLUNDERED ON MOMENTS LATER--"

WHAT THE -- WRECKED CARS! THEY MUSTA BEEN PUSHED INTUH THE GULCH TUH **HIDE** 'EM! TWO CARS-- TWO CORPSES FLOATIN' DOWN THE CREEK--BY GOSH, THAR'S SOMETHIN' HERE THAT'LL TAKE **CLOSER INVESTIGATION!**



"NEXT DAY, I WAS **SURE** OF IT-- BECAUSE **ANOTHER** BODY FLOATED DOWN THE CREEK INTO TOWN--THE VERY FELLA I'D SEEN SPARKIN' WITH THE GAL!"



"AND THEN I SAW--  
SOMETHING ELSE!"



"WHO CAN BELIEVE WHAT  
HAPPENED NEXT? I COULDN'T!  
BUT IN A FLASH, SHE SEEMED  
TUH DISAPPEAR--AN' IN HER  
PLACE--"

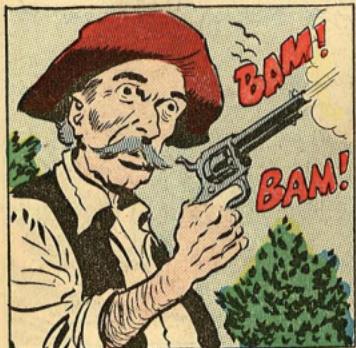


GAR-RRR!

YIPE!



"I MUSTA GONE WILD WHEN I  
SAW WHAT HAPPENED TUH PORE OL'  
BUTCH! I CAN REMEMBER PULLIN'  
MUH GUN--FIRIN'--FIRIN'--BUT  
WHAT GOOD WERE BULLETS AGAINST  
A SUPERNATURAL MONSTER?"

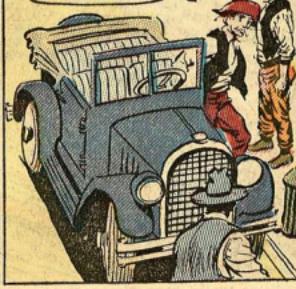


GOT TUH GIT AWAY! IF--  
IF THAT THING EVER CAME  
AFTER ME, IT'D BE  
CURTAINS!



"I JUST MADE IT TUH MUH  
CAR, THE PANIC STILL ON ME!  
BACK IN TOWN--"

I--I SAW IT WITH MUH  
OWN EYES! THE GAL--  
SHE CHANGED  
INTUH A CAT-- HUH?  
A GIANT BLACK  
CAT--



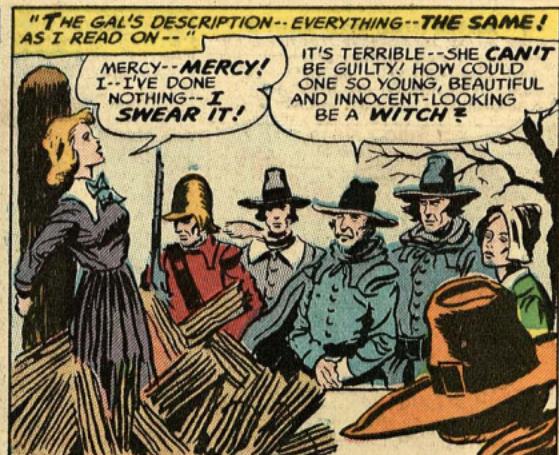
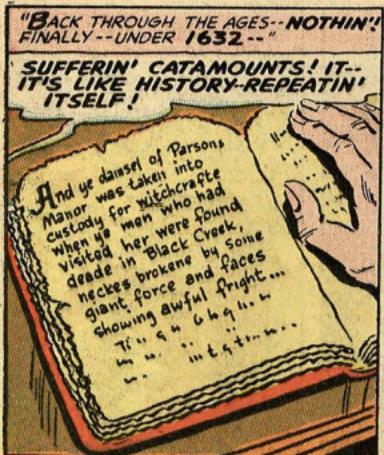
--AN' SHE KILLED MUH  
DOG! I SEEN IT ALL  
SEEN THAT THING OUTA  
HADES--

HAW--  
HAW!  
DRUNK--  
CRAZY!

I GUESS  
IT'S JUST  
AGE!  
WE SURE  
PULLED A  
BONER WHEN  
WE VOTED **HIM**  
IN AS  
SHERIFF!

THIS SHOWS HE'S MENTALLY  
INCOMPETENT! I'LL CALL A  
TOWN MEETING TO OUST  
HIM--AND I'LL TAKE OVER  
UNTIL THE VOTERS CAN  
CONFIRM IT! WHY NOT  
ONLY IS HE OUT OF  
HIS HEAD, BUT THE  
MAN'S AN OLD  
COWARD IN THE  
BARGAIN!





GOL'DURNIT, I SAW THAT OLD OAK THAT'D BEEN KNOCKED OVER BY LIGHTNIN' NEAR PARSONS MANOR--AN' WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN OPEN GRAVE UNDERNEATH! WHICH MEANS THAT--HEY, WONDER WHAT ALL THE NOISE IS ABOUT!

THIS WAY! YEAH--DOWN AT BLACK CREEK! HURRY!

HEY, BUB! WHAT'S UP? WHERE'S EVERYONE GOIN'?

BLACK CREEK! ANOTHER BODY JUST FLOATED DOWN!



"THEY ALL FELL SILENT AS I APPROACHED--AN' I SOON LEARNED WHY!"

O'ROURKE THIS TIME, HUH? THAT SAME LOOK O' FRIGHT--NECK BROKEN IN THE SAME WAY--AN' YOU FOLKS KNOW HE'D GONE UP TUH OL' PARSONS MANOR TUH FIND OUT WHAT'S WHAT! NOW WILL YUH BELIEVE ME?



"THIS COULDN'T BE HAPPENIN' TUH ME--NOT SHERIFF PAPPY HASKINS! BUT IT WAS--THEY WERE PUTTIN' ME IN THE LOCKUP WHERE I'VE ONCE BEEN JAILER--CHARGED WITH MURDER!"

THERE! YOU'RE LUCKY WE'RE LAW-ABIDING FOLKS--OR YOU'D NEVER EVEN HAVE LIVED TO SEE THE INSIDE OF THIS CELL!



RATS! YOU SWORE YOUD GET EVEN WITH HIM! HOW DO WE KNOW IT WASN'T YOU?

SURE! YOU WANTED TO MAKE SURE HE WOULDN'T DEPOSE YOU AS SHERIFF! PRETENDED TO SOLVE A CHAIN OF KILLINGS THAT YOU COMMITTED!

AND YOU PLANNED TO RAILROAD AN INNOCENT GIRL--IF THERE IS A GIRL UP THERE!



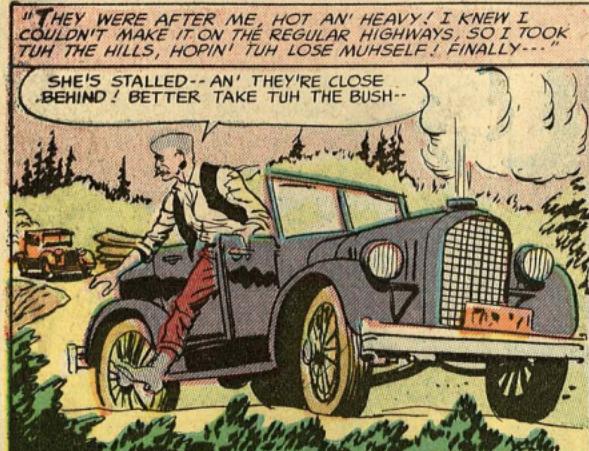
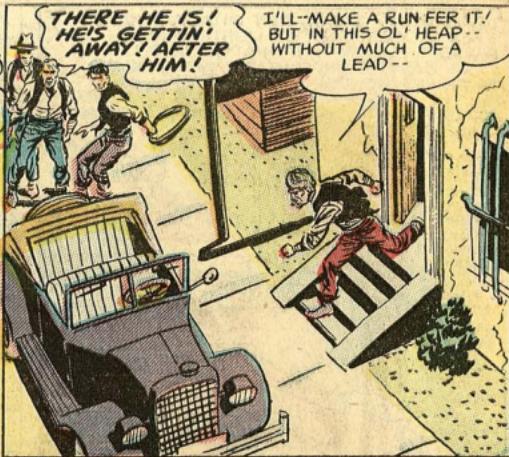
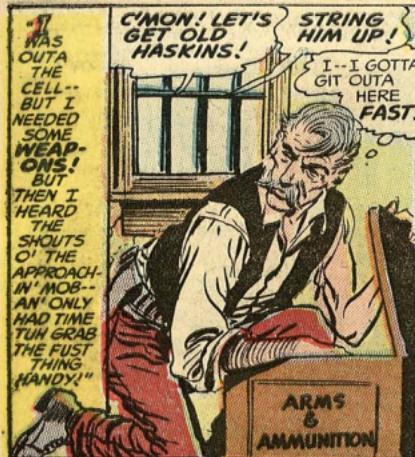
"THAT NIGHT--" I'M WORRIED, PAPPY! PUBLIC FEELIN'S RUNNIN' PRETTY HIGH AGAINST YOU--THE O'ROURKE POLITICAL MACHINE'S WHIPPIN' IT UP! I HEAR THERE'S A NECKTIE PARTY ON ITS WAY HERE RIGHT NOW! I CAN'T STOP 'EM ALONE AN' I CAN'T RELEASE YA--I'M SCARED TOO!



"THIS WAS ONE TIME WHEN MUH OL' WESTERN TRAININ' CAME IN HANDY! A RIPPED-UP SHIRTSLEEVE KIN MAKE A NOOSE--AN' A NOOSE KIN DO WONDERS!"

MADE IT! I GOT THE KEYS NOW...





I DON'T  
HAFTA  
ASK  
ANYONE  
TUH  
BELIEVE  
ME  
THIS  
TIME...  
'CUZ  
THE  
WITNESSES  
WILL  
NEVER  
FORGET  
WHAT  
THEY  
SAW!  
A  
BLINDING  
FLASH  
AND  
WHERE  
THE  
GAL  
HAD  
BEEN..."



"THEY WERE TRAPPED, DOOMED... ALL THESE FELLAS I'D KNOWN SO LONG... AN' I COULDN'T LET 'EM GO TO THEIR DEATHS WITHOUT DOIN' SOMETHIN'! MY FINGERS CLOSED AROUND AN OBJECT... THE THING I'D GRABBED BACK AT THE JAIL ARSENAL..."



"SO I HURLED IT, THAT LAST FORLORN HOPE... HURLED IT WITH A PRAYER! THAR WAS A STRANGE, COUGHIN' SORT OF EXPLOSION..."



"...AND THEN I SAW A SIGHT I'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!"



"WHAT THE OL' BOOK HAD SAID CAME BACK TUH ME... 'BOUT HER BEIN' VULNERABLE ONLY TUH FLAMES... AN' I REALIZED THEN THAT WHAT I'D THROWN WAS AN INCENDIARY GRENADE!"

"WAL... THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS, LIKE I SAID AT THE BEGINNIN', BEIN' SHERIFF OF A BACKWOODS MASSACHUSETTS COUNTY ISN'T ALWAYS A ROUTINE CINCH, BUT BELIEVE YUH ME... IT WAS A LOT EASIER FOR PAPPY HASKINS FROM THEN ON."

YUH ALL HEARD O' CUSTER'S LAST STAND? WAL I WAS, THE ONLY WHITE MAN TUH ESCAPE WITH A WHOLE SCALP! DID MUH BEST TUH SAVE CUSTER, TOO! WHY I SAID TUH HIM...

IT'S TRUE, EVERY WORD OF IT! WHO WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE BEST GOL'DURN SHERIFF THAT MARLIN COUNTY EVER HAD?



THE END

# THE *STROKE* of MIDNIGHT

**K**EN MARTIN cursed himself for being a romanticist. Why did he always feel that each antique shop would produce the find...the invaluable old curio which collectors always dreamed of? Why, when all he had to show for the years of his quest were a group of ordinary objects which had little more than mere age to commend them! And there was little chance that he'd find anything here, for this was hardly even an antique shop. Call it curio mart, junk shop...an establishment crowded from floor to ceiling with as motley a collection of jimcrack merchandise as ever he had seen. He was about to leave in sheer disgust when he saw it and stopped short, his breath catching in his throat.

Covered with dust and crowded far back on the shelf, it was as strange a clock as Ken had seen. It was wrought by the hand of a master craftsman centuries dead...a craftsman whose weird imagination had equaled the deftness of his hand. For surely no such creation as this had ever been seen! The face of the clock was a masterpiece of jeweled inlay. Its hands were spidery golden claws that seemed to reach greedily for prey...and where the numeral twelve should have been, there appeared a tiny black replica of a human skull. But what created the frightening weirdness which the thing seemed to exude was the awful golden snake which formed the clock's case, winding about it with a sinuousness which seemed almost alive. It held it tight in a gruesome metal clutch, while its jeweled pinpoint eyes blazed back at Ken with a hatred which made him recoil.

There was no doubt about it...he had to have the strange clock! But the dealer showed a strange reluctance about the transaction...a reluctance which ill beset the strangely small price he set upon it. It wasn't that he didn't want to get rid of it, he assured Ken...he did, and desperately! But there was a legend about the piece...an ancient legend of unexplained and violent death with enough to substantiate it so that the dealer hesitated to pass it on. But Ken Martin laughed at all such nonsense, and said as much. He finally secured the coveted clock, but only upon his solemn

promise that never would he operate it.

It was a promise that was fast forgotten. For Ken soon found that it wasn't enough just to look at his new acquisition...he had to hear its tick and chimes and ascertain how well it ran after its many silent years. It was surprising with what ease it responded to the key, and how accurately the clawlike hands moved over the old dial. And the chimes...so mellowly musical! How ridiculous to fear this fine old instrument, Ken thought...until, suddenly, his eyes met those of the golden snake which enclosed the clock in its glittering coils. Was he *imagining* things...or did the beady jewels seem to mock him? Nonsense...he was a practical man, and as such should be thinking of bed now, for such thoughts indicated clearly that he must be overtired.

Ken's sleep was a deep one, and at first he didn't realize what had awakened him. Then he knew...it was the bonging of the clock. But what had happened to those mellow tones? What he heard was deep, sepulchral...like the tolling of funeral bells. Slowly he counted. Twelve...midnight! A strange lassitude, mingled with a persistent dread, seemed to numb and paralyze him. He couldn't move. Only his eyes seemed capable of motion...and they were drawn, as if by some awful compulsion, towards the clock near his bed. Nonsense, of course...it seemed to be moving. Gradually, he became aware that it wasn't the clock itself that was in motion, but something *around* the clock. Suddenly he gasped...because he knew what it was! *The snake...that golden snake!* Uncoiling, writhing, swelling to huge size! It was a monstrous serpent now, swaying toward him, its beady and triumphant eyes fixed triumphantly and hypnotically upon him! And now it was upon him, its awful coils squeezing out his life, its cruel fangs rending, tearing!

It was all done now. The ticking of the clock ceased. How beautiful and harmless it looked now, girded by the small, lovely golden snake. Now everything was as it had been again...save for the lifeless corpse which lay upon the bed.

THE WORLD OF ART WAS STAGGERED BY THE AMAZING ABILITY OF THE RISING YOUNG SCULPTRESS, MARY GEORGE--AND YET MEN SHUDDERED IN HORROR AT THE MARBLE MONSTROSITIES SHE CREATED! FROM WHENCE CAME HER UNCANNY GIFT FOR DEPICTING FEAR? FROM WHAT UNHOLY SOURCE HAD SHE ACQUIRED HER UNSPEAKABLE...

# TALENT *for* TERROR!



ONE EVENING, AT A MUSTY STUDIO IN THE BOHEMIAN QUARTER OF THE CITY...

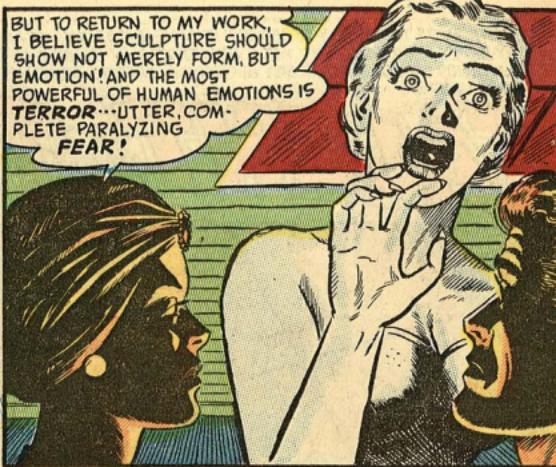
MISS MARY GEORGE? I'M RAY KENT OF THE EVENING SENTINEL

A REPORTER? BUT I'M BUSY PREPARING FOR MY NEXT EXHIBITION!

THAT'S JUST WHY I WANT TO INTERVIEW YOU, MISS GEORGE! THE WHOLE ART WORLD IS AGOG OVER YOUR SCULPTURES--AND NOT MERELY BECAUSE OF YOUR TALENT!

IT'S THE STYLE OF YOUR WORK THAT INTRIGUES EVERYONE. EACH OF YOUR SCULPTURES IS A CARVING OF SOMEONE CAUGHT IN AN ATTITUDE OF UTTER FEAR AND TERROR!





NO, THANKS! THOSE STATUES OF YOURS ARE ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE GALLOPING HORRORS!

COME NOW, MR. KENT, YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF LITTLE MADY... OR ARE YOU?



AFARID OF YOU? WHY, I THINK YOU'RE **TERRIFIC!** AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WAS WONDERING WHAT YOU WERE DOING TONIGHT, MISS GEORGE!

HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU? I'M HAVING DINNER WITH A PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL YOUNG MAN CALLED **RAY KENT!**



AND SO IT BEGAN! IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, RAY KENT AND MADY GEORGE BECAME CONSTANT COMPANIONS! AND WITH EACH PASSING DAY, RAY FOUND HIMSELF DRAWN EVER CLOSER TO THE TALENTED, MYSTERIOUS, BEAUTIFUL MADY GEORGE!

AND YET, DESPITE THEIR GROWING INTIMACY, THERE WERE CERTAIN LITTLE ODDITIES ABOUT MADY THAT STAYED UNEXPLAINED QUESTIONS THAT SEEMED ALWAYS TO REMAIN UNANSWERED...

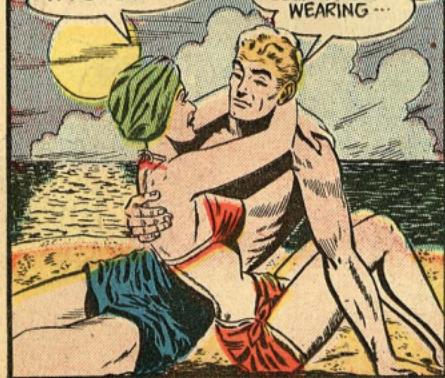


AND NOW, ARE THERE ANY OTHER QUESTIONS YOU WANT ANSWERED, RAY DARLING?

WELL, YES! THOSE FUNNY HATS AND TURBANS YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO BE WEARING...

WHEREVER YOU GO, WHETHER WE'RE DOING, YOU ALWAYS KEEP YOUR HAIR COVERED! WHY, AT THIS RATE, I'LL NEVER KNOW WHETHER YOU'RE A BLONDE OR A BRUNETTE!

YOU SWEET, CURIOUS BOY! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TOO DISAPPOINTED WHEN YOU DO FIND OUT! BUT IT WON'T BE NOW!



**R**AY'S QUESTIONS WERE FORGOTTEN IN THE RUSH AND BUSTLE OF THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED. AS ANOTHER OF MADY'S EXHIBITS OPENED! AS USUAL, THE SHOW CAUSED A TREMENDOUS FUROR ...

THESE STATUES ARE HORRIBLE, GHASTLY AND YET ... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO AMAZINGLY LIFELIKE!

ASTONISHING DETAIL! WHY, SHE'S EVEN CARVED IN THE IMPERFECTIONS OF THE SKIN!

FASCINATING EXHIBIT, ISN'T IT, SHELDON?

SICKENING IS THE WORD I'D USE! PARTICULARLY THIS PIECE! HMM --- THERE'S A GHASTLY RESEMBLANCE TO SOMEONE I KNEW!

IVY RANDOLPH WAS HER NAME --- A MODEL! SHE DISAPPEARED ABOUT A YEAR AGO! DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT, LIKE THAT!

AND NOW TO SEE HER LIKE THAT --- WELL, I TELL YOU, IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE A MAN THE CREEPS!

EXCUSE ME, SHELDON! THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO!

DISAPPEAR-ED, YOU SAY?



STRANGE, WILD PREMONITION HAD SEIZED RAY KENT! A MOMENT LATER, IN A CORNER OF THE EXHIBITION HALL ...

PHOTOS OF MY STATUES? WHY, YES, I HAPPEN TO HAVE SOME HERE IN MY BAG!

THANK YOU, MADY! I'LL JUST TAKE THESE TEMPORARILY, FOR PUBLICITY PURPOSES!

THAT AFTERNOON FOUND RAY KENT WORKING IN THE MORGUE OF THE EVENING SENTINEL! AND WITH EACH ITEM THAT HE PLUCKED FROM THE FILES, HIS FACE GREW GRIMMER!

... AND THERE'S NO CLUE TO THEIR DISAPPEARANCE ... EXCEPT FOR A HORRIBLE, DISTORTED STATUE! MADY MUST HAVE SOME EXPLANATION FOR THIS!

IT'S --- IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THAT MAKES SIX OF MADY'S STATUES I'VE TRACED SO FAR! AND THE MODELS FOR ALL OF THEM HAVE VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



SWIFTLY, RAY HURRIED ACROSS THE TOWN TO THE STUDIO ...

MADY, THERE ARE SOME QUESTIONS I HAVE TO ASK YOU... ABOUT THOSE STATUES!

DEAR RAY! SO YOU GROW CURIOUS... LIKE THE PROVERBIAL CAT!

HE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED THEN! HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED BY THE THIN, COLD EDGE OF HER VOICE! BUT...

I'VE BEEN CHECKING ON THOSE STATUES OF YOURS! I'VE COVERED SIX OF THEM SO FAR... AND EACH STATUE WAS MODELED BY A PERSON WHO DISAPPEARED IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD!

AND YOU SUSPECT ME, IS THAT IT?



I THOUGHT WE WERE OLD FRIENDS, RAY! I'D EVEN BEGIN TO HOPE THAT SOME DAY, YOU AND I MIGHT ... WELL...

MADY... YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU! BUT THERE ARE SO MANY STRANGE FACTS ABOUT YOUR WORK... ABOUT YOURSELF... THAT YOU'VE LEFT UN- EXPLAINED!

FOR INSTANCE, WHEN I ASKED YOU WHY I NEVER SAW YOU AT WORK... WHY I NEVER SAW ANY SCULPTOR'S TOOLS LYING ABOUT THE STUDIO... YOU NEVER GAVE ME A STRAIGHT ANSWER!

AND YOUR HAIR... WHY IS IT YOU ALWAYS KEEP IT BOUND UP LIKE THAT? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO HIDE, MADY?

IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, RAY DARLING? WELL I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME TO SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY! BUT REMEMBER... YOU ASKED FOR IT!



FOR A MOMENT HER LONG, SLENDER FINGERS TOYED WITH THE KERCHIEF AND THEN... SUDENLY, HORRIBLY...



MADY!  
NO!  
NO!

NOT MADY! YOU KNOW ME FAR TOO WELL NOW TO CALL ME THAT!



CALL ME RATHER... **MEDUSA!** REMEMBER? MEDUSA THE GORGON! AT THE SIGHT OF HER HAIR, MORTALS WERE FROZEN IN FEAR, TURNED INTO STONE! THE WHOLE WORLD REMEMBERS MEDUSA AS AN ANCIENT GREEK LEGEND...



HE WOULD HAVE RUN THEN... HE WOULD HAVE FLED FROM THAT PLACE SCREAMING WITH HORROR... BUT SUDDENLY, HE WAS ROOTED WHERE HE STOOD!

WHAT IS IT, MY DEAR, SWEET, CURIOUS DARLING? ARE YOU ILL? DO YOU FEEL AS IF YOUR LEGS WERE TURNING TO STONE?



...BECAUSE THEY HAVE, RAY DARLING! IT'S **ALWAYS** THAT WAY! FIRST THE LEGS, THEN THE TORSO! AND THEN, AS THE LAST FRIGHTENED LIGHT FADES FROM THE EYES, EVEN THE HEAD IS TURNED TO STONE!



AND SO NOW, RAY DARLING, ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED! YOU KNOW THE SECRET OF MY TALENT... AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE OTHERS!



POOR RAY! HE WAS SO HANDSOME, AND WE WERE **SUCH** GOOD FRIENDS! A PITY HE DIDN'T LEAVE IT AT THAT!



OH, WELL! AT LEAST I HAVE **ANOTHER** PRIZE EXHIBIT FOR MY NEXT SHOW!



THE END!



DUBBLE BUBBLE GIVES THE  
MOST FUN FOR A PENNY!

YOU CAN'T BEAT  
ITS BUBBLES!

I LIKE ITS  
SECRET  
FLAVOR!

DON'T FORGET THE  
FUNNIES, FACTS  
AN' FORTUNES TOO!



F. H. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 41, PA.

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THE GREATEST GROUP  
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



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...REGULARLY...  
Read **AMERICAN!**

EDITOR

## LET'S TALK IT OVER!

SINCE the appearance of "*Adventures Into the Unknown*" several years ago, we have published more than 30 million copies! Rather impressive, wouldn't you say?

Looking at the facts and figures fills us with a sense of responsibility. "*Adventures Into the Unknown*" has been a wildfire seller right from the beginning, and a lot of time and money have been spent in figuring out precisely the nationwide appeal of this great magazine. Well, there's nothing mysterious about it!

The secret is *authenticity*, and the painstaking attention to all details of story and art. By dint of constant effort we have assembled as fine a staff of writers, artists, and researchers as exists in the country, and their orders are to spare nothing in producing the most exciting yarns possible, for nothing but the best can meet the standards we have adhered to from the beginning.

Finally, there is our editorial policy, shaped largely by *you*, our loyal readers, who insist that stories never deal with mere senseless terror, having neither point nor meaning, and designed only to thrill with cheap tricks. This we have never done.

Consider our present issue. "*The Sheriff and The Witch!*" does contain a fearful and eerie wallop, but threaded within as suspenseful a story as you've read in ages. "*Talent for Terror!*" is a masterpiece of awful menace, which builds to an almost unbearably tingling climax. Recommended for midnight read-

ing! As for "*The Kraken*," well, we won't be giving away any secrets in telling you that it piles tenseful gasps on spellbinding action. In short, a superlative thriller! "*The Eternal Fires!*" takes us on a grim adventure in dealing with a guilt-laden mortal who tried to outwit destiny—don't miss it!

We said above that our editorial policy is *your* affair. Tell us what you like, and what you *don't* like, as thousands of your fellow fans have done. Just write to The Editor, "*Adventures Into the Unknown*," 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And now, let's dip into our mailbag:

"Dear Editor:—

All of my friends, including myself, read '*Adventures Into the Unknown*' every month. No other magazine can compete with it. Let's have more gripping stories about vampires and werewolves. Keep up the good work.

—C. Pugh, Cherryvale, Kansas."

"Dear Editor:—

I am a great fan of supernatural comics and I think that '*Adventures Into the Unknown*' is wonderful. I live in Kolin, Germany, and I wonder if you could send me the comics? I do hope so, because I am just crazy about them.

—Elaine Du Plessis, Kolin, Germany."

"Dear Editor:—

I enjoy '*Adventures Into the Unknown*' tremendously. I've bought many issues and every one has been excellent. I've never read better stories than '*The Plant That Lived*' and '*The Revolt of the Genie!*' Keep them coming to your loyal fan. . . .

—Eddie Conn, Oakland, Calif."



MIDNIGHT... THE MARINE MUSEUM... CURATOR BELLAMY DISCUSSES A NEW PROJECT WITH HIS DAUGHTER --

WE'LL USE THE LATEST DEEP-SEA TELEVISION MOTION PICTURE EQUIPMENT--AND THIS NEW BATHYSHERE I'VE DESIGNED SHOULD ENABLE US TO REACH ANY DEPTH! AND NOW THAT WE'VE JUST DECIDED WHERE OUR EXPEDITION WILL EXPLORE--

RIDICULOUS, MONA! THE MUSEUM'S BEEN LOCKED FOR HOURS!

TRUE--THEREFORE I MUST ASK THAT YOU PARDON MY INTRUSION, DR. BELLAMY! I'VE COME TO OFFER MY SERVICES--BECAUSE I KNOW THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO EXPLORE KEELING DEEP!

THIS--THIS IS INCREDIBLE--YOU COULDN'T KNOW! WHY, I JUST DECIDED UPON THAT A FEW MOMENTS AGO!!

WHO--WHO ARE YOU?



I AM NAJA DEVA, RECENTLY LEADER OF A HOLY PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF THE SEVEN SAGES--A PILGRIMAGE WHICH CAME TO A TRAGIC END IN THE WATERS OVERLYING KEELING DEEP! FOR OUT OF THOSE DEPTHS ROSE THE KRAKEN--THE HORRIBLE KRAKEN!

THE KRAKEN! YOU'RE BEING FANTASTIC, YOUNG MAN! THE KRAKEN'S A LEGEND--IT EXISTED SOLELY IN THE IMAGINATIONS OF SUPERSTITIOUS MARINERS! MATTER OF FACT, HERE'S A PICTURE OF IT--AN OLD WOOD CUT WHICH DEPICTS IT AS A CREATURE SO UTTERLY RIDICULOUS--

BR-RRR! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT--WHY ITS TENTACLES ARE TAKING IN THE ENTIRE SHIP! WHAT A MONSTER!

EXACTLY--A MONSTER WHICH EXISTS! I KNOW--FOR I HAVE MET HER FACE TO FACE! PICTURE A FACE GIGANTIC, BEAUTIFUL--ON A HUGE AND MONSTROUS BODY WHICH REEKS OF EVIL--AND DEATH! THAT IS THE KRAKEN--THE GIANT SEA DEVIL THAT FEEDS UPON HUMAN SOULS!



FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, THE THING HAS RISEN FROM THE FURTHEST REACHES OF THE SEA--THE KEELING DEEP--TO PREY UPON HUMANS! AND NOW IT HAS SEIZED THE SOULS OF THE INNOCENT PILGRIMS WHO FOLLOWED ME! I CANNOT REST UNTIL IT IS DESTROYED! DR. BELLAMY, YOUR BATHYSHERE IS THE ONLY DEVICE WHICH CAN ENABLE ME TO ACHIEVE VENGEANCE!

THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, YOUNG MAN! TO JOIN IT REQUIRES MORE THAN A FAR-FETCHED STORY AND THE LUST FOR AN INSANE REVENGE! GOODBYE!

I--I CAN'T SUCCEED WITHOUT YOU! BUT WITHOUT ME, YOU MUST FAIL, TOO--BECAUSE YOU PLAN TO PENETRATE THE DEPTHS WHICH ARE THE KRAKEN'S HOME. AND THAT MEANS--DEATH!

WAIT, DAD--PLEASE! I KNOW THAT WHAT HE SAYS SOUNDS RIDICULOUS--BUT--BUT THERE'S SOMETHING CONVINCING ABOUT IT ALL! IT WON'T HURT TO TAKE HIM ON--HE SEEMS INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO BE HELPFUL TO US!



WEEKS LATER...

AREN'T YOU GLAD WE DIDN'T TURN NAJA DOWN, DAD? HE'S WORKED LIKE A BEAVER--AND THOSE MECHANICAL ARMS HE DEVISED FOR THE BATHYSHERE MIGHT PROVE HELPFUL IN MANY WAYS! AND HE HASN'T MENTIONED THE KRAKEN ONCE SINCE THAT NIGHT! I--I LIKE HIM VERY MUCH--AND I THINK HE LIKES ME--

SO I NOTICED!--WHICH IS WHY WE'RE SAILING WITHOUT HIM!



KEELING DEEP! A VALLEY IN THE FLOOR OF THE INDIAN OCEAN--MILES BEYOND THE SURFACE! AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SCIENCE SCORNING SUPERSTITION, PLANNED TO CHALLENGE THE STRANGE SECRETS OF THE DEPTHS! AN ULTRA-MODERN BATHYSHERE SWUNG POISED FOR ACTION AS DR. BELLAMY READIED FOR A TEST DIVE--

I'VE HOOKED UP THE SPHERE WITH THE TELEVISION APPARATUS ABOARD SHIP! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE BATHYSHERE, MONA!

AND IT'LL BE RECORDED ON FILM FOR THE WHOLE WORLD TO SEE, DAD! SO LONG AND GOOD LUCK!

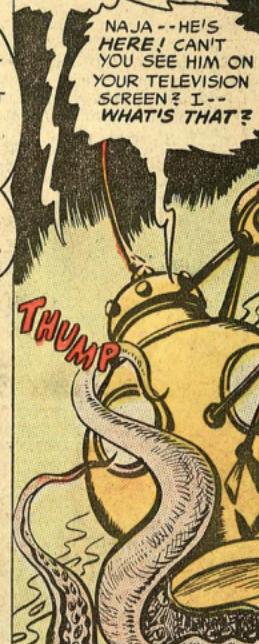
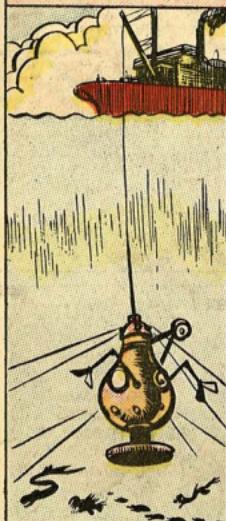


SLOWLY, THE CABLE UN-  
REELS--AND DOWN,  
DOWN INTO DEPTHS  
NEVER BEFORE SEEN  
BY HUMAN EYES THE  
BATHYSHERE DE-  
SCENDS! THROUGH  
EVER-DARKENING  
WATERS--INTO A WEIRD,  
SILENT WORLD--

EVERYTHING GOING  
WELL, MONA--THIS  
IS FASCINATING!  
LOOK--THERE'S A  
SABRE-TOOTH VIPER  
FISH SWALLOWING  
A SCARLET SHRIMP!  
ARE YOU GETTING  
IT ON FILM?

JUST THEN, A STEALTHY  
MOVEMENT--AND THE  
DOCTOR REALIZES HE  
IS NOT ALONE!

I HEAR VOICES, DADDY!  
WHOM ARE YOU TALKING  
TO?



THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF A VAST  
IMPACT--AND THE SPHERE IS  
SHAKEN, BUFFETED LIKE A  
CHILD'S TOY!

NO--IT CAN'T BE--  
NOTHING LIVING  
COULD HAVE A  
TENTACLE THAT  
SIZE! IT'S GOT US--  
OHHHH! MY HEAD...

THE  
DOCTOR'S  
HURT!  
PULL US  
UP--  
QUICK!



NAJA--WHY CAN'T I  
SEE YOU? CAN YOU  
HEAR ME? WE'RE TRYING  
TO HAUL YOU UP--BUT THERE  
SEEMS TO BE  
SOME TERRIBLE  
WEIGHT DRAGGING  
ON THE BATHYSHERE!  
I'M AFRAID THE  
CABLE WILL  
SNAP--



STEADY,  
MONA!  
THE  
KRAKEN'S  
GOT US--BUT  
I THINK I KNOW HOW  
TO BREAK ITS  
GRIP!

COME ON, KRAKEN--  
STRIKE AGAIN! THAT'S  
WHY I BUILT THE MECHANICAL  
ARMS THAT ARE WAITING  
FOR YOU--ARMED WITH  
RAZOR-SHARP  
SHEARS! HERE  
GOES--



THE SHEARS SNAP--AN AWFUL SCREAM BUBBLES THROUGH THE DEEP! AND WHEN THE BATHYSHERE SURFACES--

WILLYA, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING! IT WAS STILL CLINGIN' TO THE SPHERE WHEN IT CAME UP! I'D HATE TA MEET THE MONSTER IT CAME FROM!

DAD'S BADLY HURT, NAJA! I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO CALL OFF THE EXPEDITION!

HE WOULDN'T WANT THAT, MONA! HE'S SET ON GETTING PICTURES OF KEELING DEEP--AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO GO DOWN THERE AGAIN

AND GET THEM FOR HIM! YOU MEAN-- YOU'D RISK THE KRAKEN AGAIN? IT'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO IT-- WAITING TO KILL!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT I, TOO, THIRST FOR REVENGE? PLEASE, MONA-- SAY I CAN GO!

HOW CAN I--REFUSE YOU?



ONCE AGAIN, DOWN--DOWN-- THROUGH HORROR-LADEN WATERS--

WE'RE PICKING UP EVERYTHING PERFECTLY IN THE TELEVISOR, NAJA! BUT THOSE AWFUL SHAPES FLOATING PAST YOU-- WHAT ARE THEY?

THE DEAD-- MY COMRADES OF THE PILGRIMAGE WHOSE SOULS THE KRAKEN SEIZED! IT SHOULD BE UPON ME ANY MOMENT NOW-- AND THIS TIME IT'LL BE A DUEL TO THE DEATH!

WHAT'S HAPPENING, MONA? I-- I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO WATCH--

NOTHING-- YET!-- WHAT'S THAT TANK ATTACHED TO THE SPHERE, CAPTAIN? CORROSIVE ACID-- WITH A NOZZLE ACTUATED FROM WITHIN! -- SAY, ISN'T THAT A TENTACLE ON THE SCREEN?



IT--IT IS--IT'S THE KRAKEN!  
IT'S GOT THE BATHYSHERE  
IN ITS GRIP--AND IT'S  
CRUSHING IT!

THINK YOU'VE GOT ME,  
DON'T YOU--THAT YOU'LL  
TAKE MY SOUL AS YOU DID  
MY FOLLOWERS! WELL,  
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN  
SURVIVE THIS!

JETS OF ACID!--BURN-  
ING INTO THE MONSTER!  
I--I CAN'T LOOK!--



I'M RISING! FOLLOW,  
KRAKEN-- FOLLOW IF  
YOU DARE! I'VE  
BEATEN YOU!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

VENGEANCE!  
VENGEANCE  
FOR THE DEAD!

OH,  
DADDY,  
HE--  
HE'S--  
--MAD?  
YES, MONA  
--I WAS AFRAID OF  
THAT!



SO YOU'RE NOT THROUGH  
YET, EH, KRAKEN? THEN  
COME CLOSER--  
CLOSER!--



HE--HE'S GOT THE PORT OPEN,  
DOCTOR! AND HE SEEMS TO  
BE TRYING TO GET AT THAT  
THING!



FOR THE LIVES YOU'VE  
TAKEN, THE SOULS YOU'VE  
STOLEN--  
THIS!

AS AN AWFUL SCREAM RENDS  
THE AIR FOR MILES AROUND--

IT'S GONE-- GONE! YOUR  
SOULS ARE FREE OF THE  
'KRAKEN, O COMRADES!  
RISE-- RISE!

BUT FIRST SOMETHING ELSE  
ROSE-- A BURNING TENTACLE  
EXTENDED IN A FINAL SPASM OF  
AGONY! AS IT CLOSED UPON THE  
CABLE IN ONE LAST, DYING  
SURGE --



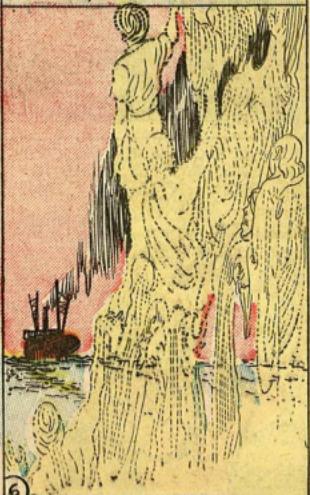
AND THE BATHYSHERE, CARRYING  
NAJA, PLUMMETED FAR  
INTO KEELING DEEP! SEARCH  
WAS FRUITLESS, SO THE SHIP  
DEPARTED! THERE WAS NO WAY  
OF SEEING THE SPECTRAL FIG-  
URES WHICH ROSE IN ITS WAKE!  
THE DEAD-- THE DEAD WHO RE-  
GAINED THEIR SOULS-- LED BY A  
STRANGE, BRAVE LEADER---

AND BACK HOME--

WE BOTH  
THOUGHT NAJA MAD-- **BUT I**  
WONDER! THE STRANGE  
THINGS HE SEEMED TO  
KNOW-- THE KRAKEN  
AND HOW HE OVERCAME  
IT--

YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
MONA--  
THAT  
WAS NO  
MADMAN!  
AS FOR  
WHAT HE WAS--

-- I THINK YOU'LL  
FIND THE PICTURES  
WE TOOK HELPFUL,  
IN A  
SENSE!



LOOK! THE FILM RECORDS EVERY STRANGE  
DENIZEN OF THE DEEP-- EVERYTHING WE SAW  
-- WITH TWO EXCEPTIONS! **THE KRAKEN--**  
AND **NAJA**! DO YOU KNOW THE  
ANSWER NOW, MONA?

THE KRAKEN--  
SPIRIT OF  
EVIL-- AND  
NAJA, SPIRIT  
OF GOOD! **THEY WERE**  
**BOTH SUPERNATURAL**  
**BEINGS!**



CONGRATULATIONS,  
FRANKIE --- YOU'RE THE  
ONLY DOOMED SOUL  
IN HISTORY TO CHEAT  
THE TORMENTS OF  
HADES!

THAT'S BECAUSE  
I'M SMART, SATAN ---  
VERY SMART! WE  
MADE A DEAL!



KILLER FRANKIE BOLL'S FATE WAS A STRANGE ONE!  
THOUGH DEATH AND EVERLASTING TORMENT FACED HIM --- AFTER  
A LIFETIME OF CRIME AND BLOODSHED --- HE REFUSED TO ACCEPT  
THE INEVITABLE! NO, HIS WAS A BRILLIANT AND EVIL MIND --- CLEVER  
ENOUGH, HE THOUGHT, TO CHEAT...

# The ETERNAL FIRES!

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE IN CHICAGO ...

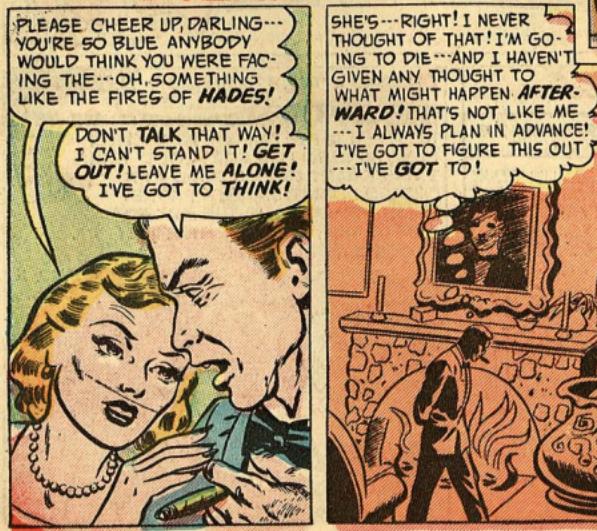
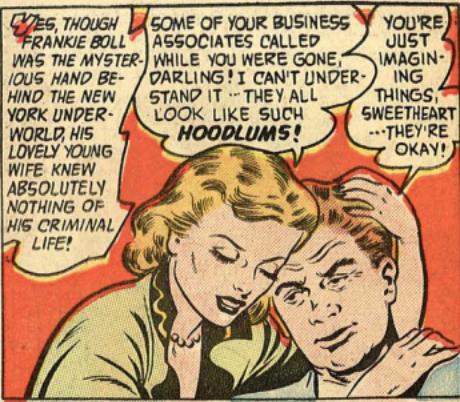
I WANT THE STRAIGHT DOPE,  
DOCTOR --- IS IT SERIOUS?

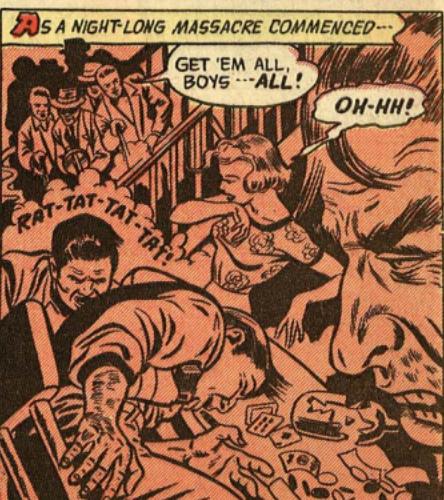
VERY SERIOUS, MR. SMITH! YOUR  
DISEASE IS INCURABLE! I ADVISE  
YOU TO GET YOUR AFFAIRS IN  
ORDER --- BECAUSE YOU HAVE  
LESS THAN THREE MONTHS  
TO LIVE!

BOARD AN EASTBOUND PLANE ...

THREE MONTHS TO LIVE! WHY DID IT HAVE  
TO HAPPEN TO ME, FRANKIE BOLL --- WITH  
EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! GOOD THING  
I WAS SMART ENOUGH TO GO TO A  
CHICAGO DOCTOR UNDER A PHONEY  
NAME --- BECAUSE IF THE MOB GOT  
WIND OF THIS, THERE'D BE TROUBLE!  
NOBODY MUST KNOW!









ONE WEEK LATER...

BETTER NOT PUT OFF FINISHING THIS WILL! I'M LEAVING EVERYTHING TO HER --- THE BEST WIFE ANY GUY EVER HAD!

AH, I SEE YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR AFFAIRS IN ORDER!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

SATAN...JUST THE GUY I WANNA SEE! I'VE BEEN THINKING... I'M NOT SURE I **TRUST** YOU! YOU **SAY** YOU'RE GONNA GIVE ME A BREAK---I WANT TO KNOW WHAT KIND!

A SUSPICIOUS NATURE, EH? GOOD, I ADMIRE THAT! COME, IT'LL BE EASIER TO EXPLAIN WHAT I HAVE IN MIND IF I TAKE YOU ON A **TOUR OF HADES**!

NO! NOT THE FIRES! I COULDN'T STAND THAT!

HAVE NO FEAR! ONLY THE DEAD KNOW THE TORMENTS! COME!

SUDDENLY, THE GROUND SLIPPED FROM UNDER FRANKIE BOLL'S FEET! INSTANTLY, HE WAS FLUNG INTO A BLACK SPINNING VORTEX---DOWN... DOWN...

...UNTIL... AH, HERE WE ARE---IN MY PERSONAL QUARTERS! NOW LISTEN CLOSELY--- FOR THESE ARE THE **INFERNAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE**! THE BURNING PITS YOU FEAR ARE NOT FOR ALL--- CONTRARY TO SUPERSTITION, EACH SOUL ACTUALLY SUFFERS ONLY THOSE TORMENTS EXPERIENCED IN DYING--- BUT FOR ALL **ETERNITY**! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU!



AS THE GRIM TOUR BEGAN...

THERE IS A MAN WHO WAS FLOGGED TO DEATH FOR KILLING A SHIPMATE ABOARD A SAILING SHIP... 200 YEARS AGO! HERE HE WILL BE FLOGGED FOR EVER!

AAAGH!  
CRAK!

THAT LOVELY WOMAN WAS BROKEN ON THE WRACK FOR POISONING HER HUSBAND... IN THE 17TH CENTURY! NEEDLESS TO SAY, HER PUNISHMENT IS ETERNAL!

SATAN! MERCY! I BEG YOU!

THIS CRIMINAL DIED IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR NOT LONG AGO! NOW HE MUST SUFFER IN IT TILL THE END OF TIME!



I-I GET IT! BUT LOOK---I'M GONNA DIE PAINFULLY! I GOT AN INCURABLE DISEASE---SOMETIMES THE PAIN GETS SO BAD I CAN'T STAND IT! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO FOR ME?

FEAR NOT! ONLY THOSE WHO ARE DEAD UPON ARRIVING HERE ARE BEYOND MY HELP---BUT YOU WILL ARRIVE HERE ALIVE! STAY WITH ME NOW IF YOU WISH IT---AND LIVE COMFORTABLY AS AN EMISSARY! AGREED?

YOU MEAN---JUST DISAPPEAR OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH FOREVER? BUT I CAN'T DO THAT---MY WIFE'D GO BATTY LOOKING FOR ME! NO, I WANT TO DIE REGULAR---SO SHE CAN INHERIT MY DOUGH QUICKLY! C'MON, TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH!



AFTER A SWIFT AND DIZZYING RETURN---

SINCE YOU WISH IT THIS WAY, IT SHALL BE DONE---BUT YOU MAY REGRET IT! I WILL PLACE YOU IN A COMA---EXACTLY LIKE DEATH TO ANY MORTAL DOCTOR, EXCEPT THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR, SEE, AND FEEL EVERYTHING---THOUGH UNABLE TO MOVE! AFTER YOUR BURIAL, I WILL HAVE YOU BROUGHT TO ME IN HADES! NOW...PRE-PARE!



MOMENTS LATER...

FRANKIE! WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER? OH, NO! HE LOOKS...



AFTER THE DOCTOR'S ARRIVAL...

HE'S DEAD, MRS. BOLL... THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE!

OH, FRANKIE, FRANKIE! WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN TO YOU---THE MOST WONDERFUL GUY IN THE WORLD!



NEXT DAY---IN A FINE FUNERAL CHAPEL...

HAVE YOU DECIDED YET, MRS. BOLL---AS TO WHAT KIND OF FUNERAL YOU WISH?

NOT A REGULAR BURIAL---I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF MY DARLING LYING IN A COLD, WET GRAVE! I'VE DECIDED TO HAVE HIM CREMATED---AND KEEP HIS ASHES IN AN URN NEAR ME, ALWAYS!

FRANKIE HEARD AND SAW, AND FELT---EACH AGONIZING MOMENT WHICH BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO THE CREMATION OVEN! BUT THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO!

I-I CAN'T SPEAK! I CAN'T---STOP THEM?





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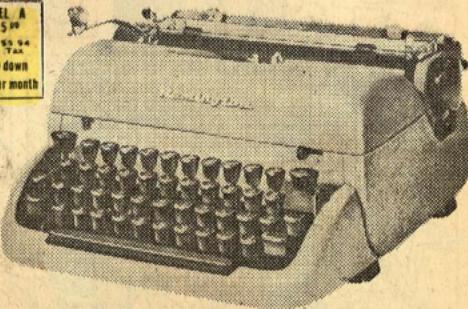
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Zone .. State ..  
Note: You may send full price if you wish.

**"Hey YOU SKINNY  
You look like  
SOMETHING  
THE CAT  
DRAGGED IN!"**

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs.

and made the football team.

GLEASON  
CLEVELAND  
AFTER JOWETT  
TRAINING  
160 lbs. of  
Muscle

Now wouldn't YOU  
Like To Have A New  
Body Like Mine? I added

7 INCHES to my CHEST  
3 1/2 INCHES to each ARM  
and to the rest of my  
body in proportion as  
YOU can.

Yours *John Sill* UTAH

Let's go, young fellow,  
Now YOU give me  
**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME**  
LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID  
and I'll give YOU a New  
HE-MAN BODY as I gave  
MANY Thousands like You

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or  
flabby you are. I'll make you  
OVER by the SAME method I turned  
myself from a weakling to the strongest  
of the strong. What can't I do for you  
what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of  
skinny fellows like YOU?

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES**

**Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!**

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY  
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and  
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS  
broadened. From head to heels, you'll  
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be  
A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

ONLY MY  
5-WAY PROGRESSIVE  
POWER SYSTEM  
BUILDS YOU  
5-WAYS FAST  
SO YOU  
SAVE YEARS  
AND  
DOLLARS

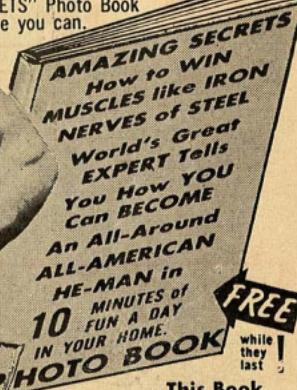
GEORGE  
F. JOWETT  
"Champion of  
Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect  
Man Contest

like John  
BECOME A  
MOVIE STAR  
HE-MAN

**Come on, PAL, NOW YOU** <sup>do</sup> <sub>as I did</sub>  
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